

Eliza A. Buckle

3



PRUDENCE







# Today & Tomorrow

And when will misery have an end,  
And when will hope, the mourners friend,

illumine my darksome way?  
'Twas yesterday, I felt the beam  
Of distant health and joy — the dream  
Has vanished to-day.

I sit with grief and press'd with care,  
A burden which is hard to bear,

Remember child of sorrow;  
Tho' no relief may now be near,  
Look thro' the vista of despair,  
And find it in to-morrow.

Altho' affliction hide thy light,  
And sit beside thee all the night,

And mark thee for her prey;  
Altho' the tempest howl around,  
And even thy very soul rebound  
In wretchedness to-day;

Still may the firm and constant mind,  
In hope's sweet beams contentment find,  
And consolation borrow;

Continued.



134  
For though to-day is mark'd with pain,  
And every present help is vain,  
There's comfort in to-morrow.

If sickness hold thee on thy bed,  
And fevers parch thy wandering head,  
And waste thy strength away,  
Tho' the near approach of death,  
And thee that thy fleeting breath,  
May breathe its last to-day;

ture from her centre tossed,  
Life's last anchor almost lost,  
Forget not, child of sorrow!  
The sun is yet to rise,  
That shines above the skies,  
Another glorious morrow.

Howe'er the thread of life be spun,  
Howe'er the wheel of fortune run,  
Or flourish or decay;  
Tho' yesterday had smil'd with peace,  
And health and pleasures - all may cease,  
And disappear to-day.



Continued.

3

Then think, O man—reflect how vain  
Are most pursuits of busy men  
Of pleasure pain and sorrow;  
How soon their fabric may decay,  
How much they dwell upon to-day,  
How little on to-morrow.

E. Buckler,

## Poetic Flights.

O! there's a charm in poetry  
To cheer the pensive breast,  
To chase the gloom of care away,  
And sooth the soul to rest.

On Fancy's pinion when we soar  
To scenes of brighter joy,  
Not sickness, grief, or poverty,  
The illusion can destroy.

When friends prove false, th' indignant tone  
Relieves the tortured mind;  
And sweetest is the poet's strain  
When lovers seem unkind.

Should death, stern death, in fatal hour  
Our fairest hopes defeat,  
We find in soft elegiac strain  
A solace sad, yet sweet.

Thus through the varying scenes of life,  
Assail'd by pain or grief,  
The real ill is borne with ease,  
If fiction yields relief.

Eliza Buckler



# Elegiac Stanzas

By Mary Queen of Scots.

In melting strains that sweetly flow  
Turn'd to the plaintive notes of woe;  
My eyes survey with anguish fraught  
A loss beyond the reach of thought;  
While pass away my life's fair years  
In heaving sighs and mournful tears.

Did cruel destiny ever shed  
Such horror on a wretched head?  
Did ever once happy woman know  
So sad a scene of heartfelt woe?  
For ah! behold on yonder bier  
All that my eyes and heart held dear.

Ah! even in my blooming hours,  
Mid youth's resplendent flowers,  
I'm down'd each cruel pang to share,  
Th' extremest sorrows of despair,  
Nor other joys nor bliss can prove,  
Than grief and disappointed love.



The sweet delights of happier days  
New anguish in my bosom raise,  
Of shining days the fiercest light  
To me is dear and gloomy night;  
Nor is there ought so good and fair,  
As now to shun my slightest care.

In my full heart and streaming eyes  
Portray'd by we, and image lies,  
Which sable robes but faintly speak,  
Or the pale languor of my cheek,  
Pale as the violet's faded leaf,  
The tint of love's despairing grief.

Perplex'd by this unvented pain,  
No place my steps can long detain;  
Yet change of scene no comfort gives  
Where sorrow's form forever lives,  
My worst, my happiest state of mind,  
In solitude alone, I find.

Continued.



If change my listless footsteps leads  
Thro' shady groves, or flow'ry meads,  
Whether at dawn of rising day,  
Or silent evening's setting ray,  
Each grief that absence can impart,  
Incessant sends my tortur'd heart.

If to the heav'ns in rapt'rous trance  
I haply throw a wistful glance,  
His visionary form I see,  
Pictur'd in orient clouds to me;  
Sudden it flies and he appears, drown'd  
Drown'd in a wat'ry tomb of tears.

Awake if balmy slumbers spread  
Their downy pinions o'er my head,  
I touch his hand in shadowy dreams,  
His voice to soothe my fancy seems,  
When wak'd by toil, or lull'd by rest,  
His image ever fills my breast.

No other object fills my sight,  
However in robes of beauty dight,  
Which to my sad despairing heart,  
One transient wish will e'er impart;  
Exempt from that wretched way,  
Which this sad breast must ever know.



But cease my song— cease to complain!  
And close the sadly plaintive strain,  
In which no artificial tears,  
But love unfeign'd, the burthen bears,  
For can my sorrows e'er decrease,  
For ah! his absence ne'er can cease.  
Elyse A. Buchler.

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## To Julia.

From Julia's cheek the rose is fled,  
From Julia's eye the lustre's gone,  
Palemen usurps the flaming red,  
And languor veils the wonted sun:

Yet Julia's cheek has charms for me,  
Yet, Yet, I burn beneath her eye;  
If e'er I can countless beauties see,  
And still excite the raptur'd sigh.

No vulgar flame pervades my breast,  
No flimsy chains my bosom bind,  
My heart retains no fleeting guest,  
Whom love depends on Julia's mind.

E. A. Buchler.



# Hymn to the Evening

Mild star of eve! whose tranquil beams  
Are grateful to the queen of love.  
Fair planet, whose effulgence beams  
More bright than all the host above,  
And only to the moon's clear light,  
Yields the first honours of the night.

All hail! thou soft, thou holy star!  
Thou glory of the midnight sky!  
And when my steps are wandering far,  
Leading the shepherd minstrelsy,  
Then if the moon deny her ray,  
Oh! guide me, Hesper, on my way.

No savage robber of the dark,  
No foul assassin claims thy aid,  
To guide his dagger to its mark,  
Or light him on his plundering trade,  
My gentle errand is to prove  
The transports of requited love.

Eliza A. Buehler.



America.

America.

America.

America.

America.

America.

Eliza A. Buchler.



# Timid Love.

By Mrs. Grant.

Osage not that Arthur will see me no more,  
It is kindness I merit, his anger deplore;  
Though doubt made me silent, yet why should he fly,  
Since the dawn of affection is timid and shy?

I've nourished the woodlark he brought from the nest;  
The flowers he presented I placed in my breast;  
When their beauty no longer delighted my eye,  
With their last dying colours I mingled my sighs.

Beneath yon steep cliff, where the strawberries grow,  
Though the surf in rude tumults beats ever below;  
By the dim light of morning, unseen, I repair,  
To gather the fruit, that my Arthur may share.

Alone in the dusk of the evening I move,  
With my harp I resort to the depth of the grove;  
With secret delight, there I sing all his lays,  
And practise the music made sweet by his praise.



O will he return, his loved haunts to revisit?  
Will no rash resentment appear in his face?  
To move like a blast will he rush through the door,  
And wing my sad heart with reproaches no more!

Eliza A. Baehler.

Harrisburg.

## On Friendship.

How sweet is the memory of joys that are past,  
But joys are delusive as virtue is rare;  
And when age cools the passions and deadens the taste,  
We barely remember that once such things were.

So friendships, sometimes— ere they ripen— grow old,  
As the frost nips the springbuds that scarcest appear;  
And the hearts that first open is first to grow cold,  
And friends to forget that of late—such things were.

I've seen one on whom smiles and caresses were heaped,  
Till the burden of kindness seemed heavy to bear;  
And the warm grateful heart in sincerity leaped,

And swore that it would never forget— such things <sup>were</sup>.

I have heard the professions of friendship the dearest,  
While suspicion's dark glance could not fancy a fear;  
But the friendship I fancied the firmest, sincerest,  
Was broken— and I've blushed, as I thought such things were.

Eliza Baehler Harrisburg



# On visiting Ayres Hill near Pittsburg.

Romantic Ayre! I love thee still,  
Thy towering height, and rugged sides,  
Thy crowning grove, and winding rill,  
That round with gentle murmur glides—

Romantic hill! to me more dear,  
From cruel absence grown;  
Oh! had I only wandered here,  
Nor e'er'd, from my native town!

View'd hence, Ohio's noble source,  
To me, majestic still appears,  
And Alleghenie's shining course;  
All hail! best scenes of boyish years—

Your town, which may with cities vie,  
Where smoke depurates the azure skies,  
And busy crowds, their labours ply,  
I've seen from a poor hamlet rise!

I wonder lost; I still behold,  
The venerable mountain side,  
Replete with wealth, more worth than gold  
And rising with majestic pride—



For there, aloft enthron'd, look's down,  
The genius of the Western World:  
He robes the orient and setting sun,  
And his, the mighty breezes to wield—

I am down, I hear the wintry wave,  
Up Monongahela, out-spreading wide;  
The wither'd, honors of the grove,  
Are shaken by spirits of the air.

Oh! wild, lov'd haunt, of early days,  
I live in melancholy mood,  
Once more I yield to fancy's power,  
Among thy rocks and sounding wood.

Thou aged tree, I know thee well,  
Dost hangings still, the rocks steep;  
Here, memory fondly loves to dwell,  
While 'neath thy ruined boughs I weep.

Thou' veils of mist, the beamless sun,  
Looks on, the ruffled stream below;  
Scudding flows o'er the surface now,  
When now the freshening breeze blow.



Fancy in every object see,

To my soul, a form most dear,

Her voice in every swelling breeze.

Comes, in soft music to my ear—

Elyse A. Buchler

Maryland

Maryland

Maryland

Elyse Buchler



Incomprehensi  
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Incomprehensi

Eliza A. Buckler.



O tell me not that wine will sooth

O tell me not that wine will sooth  
The heart oppress'd with woe;  
O tell me not that wine will smooth  
Grim Senury's savage brow:  
For though its wave may beam as bright  
As evenings' brilliant star,  
It cannot gild misfortune's night,  
Or calm the sinner's fear.

O tell me not that beauty's smile,  
(That sun of cloudless morn,)  
Can black despair of woe beguile,  
Or blunt affliction's thorn;  
For though awhile its beams may play  
Where health and pleasure bloom,  
Disease will shroud its pleasing ray,  
It shines not in the tomb.

O tell me not that fame can give  
The cancer'd conscience peace;  
O tell me not that fame will live  
When hope and life shall cease;  
For though it points where honor bleeds,  
And bids the bonum burn,  
Yet, as the lightning swift, recedes,  
When time hath grasp'd his urn.



Continued

But tell me that Religion's ray  
Can light the soul to heaven;  
O tell me this can point the way  
To him on quicksands driven,  
And I'll believe;— for well I know  
That this alone can save,  
That this can chase the clouds of woe,  
And gild the peasant's grave.

## The Irish Harp.

A Fragment. Written by Miss S. Owen. "Voice as  
the days of old, let me hear you.—Awake the soul of song."

Why sleeps the Harp of Erin's pride?  
Why, withering, droops its Shamrock wreath?  
Why has that song of sweetness died,  
Which Erin's harp alone can breathe?

Oh! 'twas the simplest, wildest thing!  
The sighs of Eve that faintest flow  
Over my lyres, did never fling  
So sweet, so sad, a song of woe.

And yet its sadness seem'd to borrow  
From love, or joy, a magic spell;  
I was doubtful still if bliss or sorrow  
From its melting lapses fell.



## Continued.

For if amidst its tones, soft languish  
A note of love or joy ever stream'd,

'Twas the plaint of lovesick anguish,  
And still the "joy of grief" it seem'd.

'Tis said oppression taught the lay  
To him—(of all the "sons of song")

That bask'd in Erin's brighter day,  
The last of the inspired throng;

That not in sumptuous hall, or bower,  
To victor chiefs, on tented plain,

To festive souls, in festal hour,  
Did he, (sad bard!) pour forth the strain.

Oh no! for he, oppress'd, pursued,  
Wild, wandering, doubtful of his course,  
With tears his silent heart bedew'd,  
That drew from Erin's woes their source.

'T was beneath the impenetrable gloom,  
Of some dark forest's deepest dell,

'T was at some patriot hero's tomb,  
Or on the drear heath where he fell.



Continued

It was beneath the loneliest cave  
That rears the brow of misery,  
Or stems the ocean's wildest wave,  
On rocks the sea-blast's keenest sigh.

It was through night's most spectral hours,  
When reigns the spirit of dismay,  
And terror views demonic powers  
Flit ghastly round in dread array.

Such was the time and such the place,  
The banshee wailed his song of woe,  
To those who had of Erin's race  
Surviv'd their freedom's vital blow.

O! what a lay the minstrel breath'd!  
How many a heart he beat around,  
In suffering sympathy immersed,  
Hung raptly on the sound!

For still his harp's wild, plaintive tones  
Gave back their sorrow's tender thrill.

Surviv'd their freedom's vital blow,  
The woe which death's despair's wild thrill.



For still we sung the ill that flow  
From dire oppression's ruthless fang,  
And deepened every patriot's woe,  
And sharpened every patriot's pang.

Yet we in cease'd a brighter fire  
Sublim'd his lay, and louder rung

The deep-ton'd music of his lyre,  
And Edwin go Brough he boldly sung.

Edw. A. B.

## Edwin and Lucy.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Who is she, with haggard eyes,

That scales the airy steep,

Oft as the silver star of eve

Glows on the distant deep?

"That with unweary'd step ascends

The promontory's distant,

Oft as the melancholy main

Reflects the lunar light:



"And there, to winds that murmur low;  
That surge so softly sweet,  
And still her trailing eye-balls strains,  
The gliding sail to meet?"

O! wander not, thou, stranger there,  
You hear the song of woe;  
And mark the lovely Mermaid stand,  
And watch the waves below.

Think! to the storm of her eye,  
As from your rude rock's height,  
She hears the dying notes of grief  
On the dull ear of night.

"Can winds, with angry freight and hate,  
The sails of love detain?  
Or can the waves refuse to speed  
A lover o'er the main?"

O! ye stars, that gem the brow of night,  
Or glimmer o'er the steep;  
Do hide your orbs in clouds, or bathe  
Your tresses in the deep;

(Continued.)



Continued.

Shine forth, in all your splendour bright  
To guide him on his way,  
Nor, with malignant influence fraught,  
A lover's steps delay.

Have thou pale moon, that travellest far,  
Thy friendly light bestow,  
For thou wert witness to his love,  
His tear and parting sigh.

For him, ye Sea-monsters, cease to pour  
Your wildly-murdering streams,  
For love him to your green retreats,  
To bind him in your chains.

What shades incline my love to stay?  
Or hide him from my view?  
Art thou the spot of magpie's fall?  
Or is thy heart untrue?

Art thou for aught thy plumes new?  
Or have I seen thee elsewhere?  
And wilt a thought of other days  
Thy raptur'd bosom warm?



Continued.

"Thence with the smiling heart, Peace,  
thy waving beauty seen,  
Will thou not love her I now still  
As thou wert wont to do?

"Alas! 'tis all for thee, that grief  
Has dimm'd her eyes with tears  
That on her cheek no more  
The rose of health appears!

For thee, that to the mercy-seat  
Her supplications rise;  
The day is seen through clouds of woe,  
The night is spent in sighs!

"For thee, that with the sun she climbs  
The promontory's height,  
And fingers there the ocean's wave  
Reflects the lunar light!"

Long shall she stray there haunts among,  
To watch the gliding sail;  
That bark shall never return, for which  
She keeps her vigil pale.



Continued.

The youth for whom she breathes the sigh,  
He climbs the steep in vain,  
How sleeps the long-long sleep of death!  
Beneath the roaring main!

Poor child of grief! didst thou not  
Did not thy brow bleed?

With Reason fled thy fiercer brain,  
And left thee poor indeed!

But Hope a happiness imparts  
That Truth could never have given  
And mingles with the cup of woe  
A soothing draught from Heaven

Yet not by the fair nature's face  
Was always seen through tears,  
Nor always pale thy channell'd cheek,  
Where health no more appears.

It was when for thee on Asor's side  
Lame lighted up the day,  
And lost new power to Beauty's charms,  
And bade thy heart be gay.



## Continued.

Who of the youth by Ireen's wave  
With Edwin could compare?

And among the maids that haunt its banks,  
As Lucy, who so fair?

Love's sweet contagion soon was caught,  
And quickly too revealed,  
And in the holy eye of Heaven,  
By mutual vows was seal'd.

Oft in the blossom-woven bower  
They breath'd alternate vows,  
And shar'd that interchange of heart  
That Virtue only knows!

Or see the walk along the mead,  
Beneath the dewy light,  
What time the star of twilight shone,  
Or the fair queen of night.

But, Edwin, these are virgin charms  
That thou must never possess,  
Unless from Fortune thou canst win  
The smile, and hand caress.



Continued.

Go! Edwin, go! and urge the chase,  
Since nought but gold can move  
The eye of Avarice to smile  
Propitious on thy love.

Go! ply the illimitable search,  
From Indus to the Pole;  
Go! and the flatterer, Gt. Hope, shall shed  
Her day-dreams on thy soul;

And Love shall lend his pleasing aid  
To cheat the lingering hours,  
And Fancy give the Maid to range  
With the Indian bowers.

He went:— the tempest swift descends,  
The billows threaten the ship—  
The wreck is strewn along the strand,—  
The hapless lover dies!

Divided pair! your tender tale  
Shall to the Muse be dear,  
And oft her pity shall bestow  
The tributary tear.



Continued.

And all to the responsive ~~home~~  
If our story shall relate,  
And mourn that love so true should meet  
On earth no better fate.

Oliver

Virginia.

Virginia.

Virginia.

Virginia.

Virginia.



# The Falls of the City

Near the bright winding stream <sup>wide</sup> far-  
from the city,

By moss-benths, and blue-bells arrayed with such  
Green Eglar, a floweret with tint softer glowing,

More worthy to deck the fair banks of the Clyde

But ah! she was woo'd! she was won! — and forsaken

That May-morn when dress'd to be Donald's true love  
In silence she drooped, till — no hope left to wake,

Despair drove her wild at the falls of the City

To the waters high rushing, and disturbed from their

Like her own heaving bosom, all panting she lies;

And in grief that was tearless pursued their rocky course

Still boundless they rush'd to the falls of the City

The rock-birds took wing, soaring high, and shrieking,

For her tresses unbridled, flew wanton and wide;

She pass'd but to gaze, as with horror delighted,

When plung'd amid the surge of the falls of the City



Continued.

The terrors white from a cold windless street, where he

The pale car of the ill-fated Ellen to hide,  
But swift bore it down (that no succour might <sup>her</sup> save  
Gathens dreadful, and deep, — at the falls of the Clyde

And now (as old Faversham tell the sad story)

By moon beams of midnight her fair form will glide  
When the air's filled with wailings, as if to implore us  
To pity the shade of — the falls of the Clyde!

Eliza A. Biehn.

Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania  
Pennsylvania.



# My Native Home.

Dear breezy hill or woodland glade,

At morning's dawn or closing day,  
In summer's haunting flower arrays,  
Or autumn's moonlight's silver ray:

The wretch in sadness still may roam,  
Who wanders from his native home.

While at the foot of some old tree,

As meditation soothes his mind,  
Sustained by the hum of wandering bee,  
Or rippling stream or whispering wind,  
His voracious passions still shall roam,  
And lead him to his native home.

Though love a fragrant couch might weave,

And fortune heap the festive board,  
Still memory oft would turn to grief,  
And reason scorn the splendid hoard;  
While he, beneath the proudest dome,  
Would have wish for his native home.

To him the rushy roof is dear,

And sweetly calm the darkest glen,  
While friends and brides and flowers appear,



# Continued.

At last the glittering flagons of noon  
Unthought by those that never roam,  
Perceptible their Father Home.

Let me to summer's shades retire,  
With meditation and the Muse,  
Or round the social winter fire,  
The glow of tempered mirth diffuse;  
The winds must howl, and waters roar,  
I still shall bless my Father Home.

Alas, Ah! when your throes excite  
And passions blowing near are past,  
Should you behold the tempest laid,  
And sorrow blow in bitter blast,  
No more no longer doomed to roam,  
I shall find the grave a peaceful home.

E. A. Butler.



# The Season.

By a young Lady.

The shortening day, the dark'ning sky  
Declare the approach of Winter near;  
The falling leaves and lifeless flowers,  
A sullen, gloomy aspect wear.

In vain I listen through the woods,  
Their pleasing melody is o'er;  
A sullen silence reigns around,  
Or howling winds tumultuous roar.

The vernal season now is past,  
And all its smiling beauties fled;  
The fields have lost their gay attire,  
And all their glowing charms lie dead.

Such, and so transient is our bliss,  
So fleeting are all earthly joys;  
The dazzling glories of the world  
Are all but empty, glittering toys.

What let us then direct our hearts.

To scenes of true delight and peace,  
Where joys unending ever bloom,  
Ecstatic joys that never cease!



Hammlung  
Hammlung  
Hammlung  
Hammlung  
Hammlung

Eliza A. Bucklin.



# LULLIES on the death of an

Oh sweet be they sleep in the land of the grave

My dear little angel, forever!  
Dearer? O no! let not man be alone,  
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though old be the day, where thou pillowest thy head,  
In the dark silent mansion of sleep;  
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed  
Like the beam of the day star to morn.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form  
O'er the spot that nipp'd thee in blossom;  
When those shrinks from the snows of the cold winter  
And nestles thee close to that bosom.

Oh! still I behold thee, all lovely in death,  
Reclin'd on the lap of thy mother;  
When the tear twinkled bright; when the short slighted  
Told how dear ye were nigh to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest, Where suffering no longer can  
Have the songs of the good; where the hymns of the best, Through an endless vision  
While thy, thy fond parents, must sighing sojourn, Through the dim distant region of sorrow  
On the hopes and misfortune of being to mourn, And sigh for this life's latest



Camcaaster

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Camcaaster

Elyse A. Buchler.



# Magdeline<sup>al.</sup>

A Ballad.

The night was dark, - the wind how cold,  
And not a twinkling star was seen;  
The flaky snow came drifting down.

It chilled the heart of Magdeline  
And dashed her spirits to the ground,  
Her plaintive cry increased her woe;  
The wind did raise the frozen snow,  
For eager haste to gain relief.

But ah! no kindly aid was nigh,  
No kindly cottage cheered her sight;  
And vain she sought, with eager eye,  
Some glimmering lamp's welcome light.

Her frozen limbs began to fail,  
Her infant's cries were fainter grown,  
She sank upon the snow-clad ground,  
And thus began her plaintive moan.



Why did I leave my native vale,  
And fly to seek some gay or scene?  
Why did I leave my aged sire,  
To weep the fate of Magdalene

By youthful, inexperienced hearts  
The gay Archangel stole away,  
And taught me, by his swimming art,  
From Virtue's plumed halls to stray.

He praised my beautiful shape and face,  
He praised my mind and graceful mien;  
He said the court I soon should grace,  
And to his lovely Magdalene.

My father heard him in the tale,  
And forth he came him for its love;  
I then was left my parents dear,  
To weep the state they so beloved.

Continued.



Continued.

But, when I found his words were false,  
And I detected such dishonesty

I took my helpless infant boy,  
And sought the shade of rock to show.

To see I reached my native cot,  
And found my father was no more.  
My mother weeps her helpless child,  
The guardian one forsook my parent?

My freezing heart forgets to beat,  
I feel the pangs of death are near.  
My mother has no food to give.  
My child, my child! then too must die.

My little limbs are stiff with cold.  
I have no strength to move or speak.  
I lay there on my weary breast  
And see the snow-flakes fall and sweep.



*humility, obtain  
humility, obtain  
humility, obtain  
humility*

*Elinor Buchler.*



# Fame.

Where Perseus' sacred land reposes,  
Still grateful memory fondly showers...  
The summer's earliest brightest hours  
And Autumn's latest lingering flame  
When Eve her noble mantle closes,  
In Morn. unbars her golden bowers.

There Perseus from his shrine of glory,  
A nation's joyous homage sees,  
His name the theme of every story  
It praises him on every breeze;  
The poet's sacred torch is shown  
Yet still immortal youth is born.

Who would then, ignominy deigning,  
Yield to Oblivion's silent stream,  
The soul thro' blackest darkness bring  
Cover'd by one solitary beam?  
Hanging on the edge of night  
Where darkness is the only light.



When o'er the tomb the grass is waving,  
Shall no one pause upon the sod,  
And say, that battle's form braving,  
Firm in his country's cause he stood—  
His country's rights her freedom saving  
Gave up his spirit to his God?

Say that the fires of genius brighten'd  
The slumbering, cold, unconscious clay—  
That once those orbs with genius lighten'd  
And flash'd with intellectual ray,  
While ignorance and folly frighten'd  
Confess'd its power and fled away?

And wherefore is it that the spirit  
Still sighs to live beyond the grave,  
Nor lean the memory of its merit  
Across dull Lethe's bitter wave?  
And born corruption to inherit  
O why is man to prove a slave?



When Fate the ties of earth shall sever,  
What sound can cheer the dreary tomb?  
Can notes of joy pervade it ever?  
Can Flattery sooth, or Song illumine?  
The voice of praise can enter never  
To cheer the impenetrable gloom!

Ye Athirst is hence! the soul upsoaring,  
Yon heaven's expanse of blue shall cleave,  
And floods of glory round it pouring,  
Its homage upon earth receive—  
Ador'd below—above adoring,  
In both immortally shall live!

Eliza A. Buchler

Harrisburg December 7th 1840



Ed

Eliza A. Buehler.

Harrisburg

Harrisburg

Master William Buehler



